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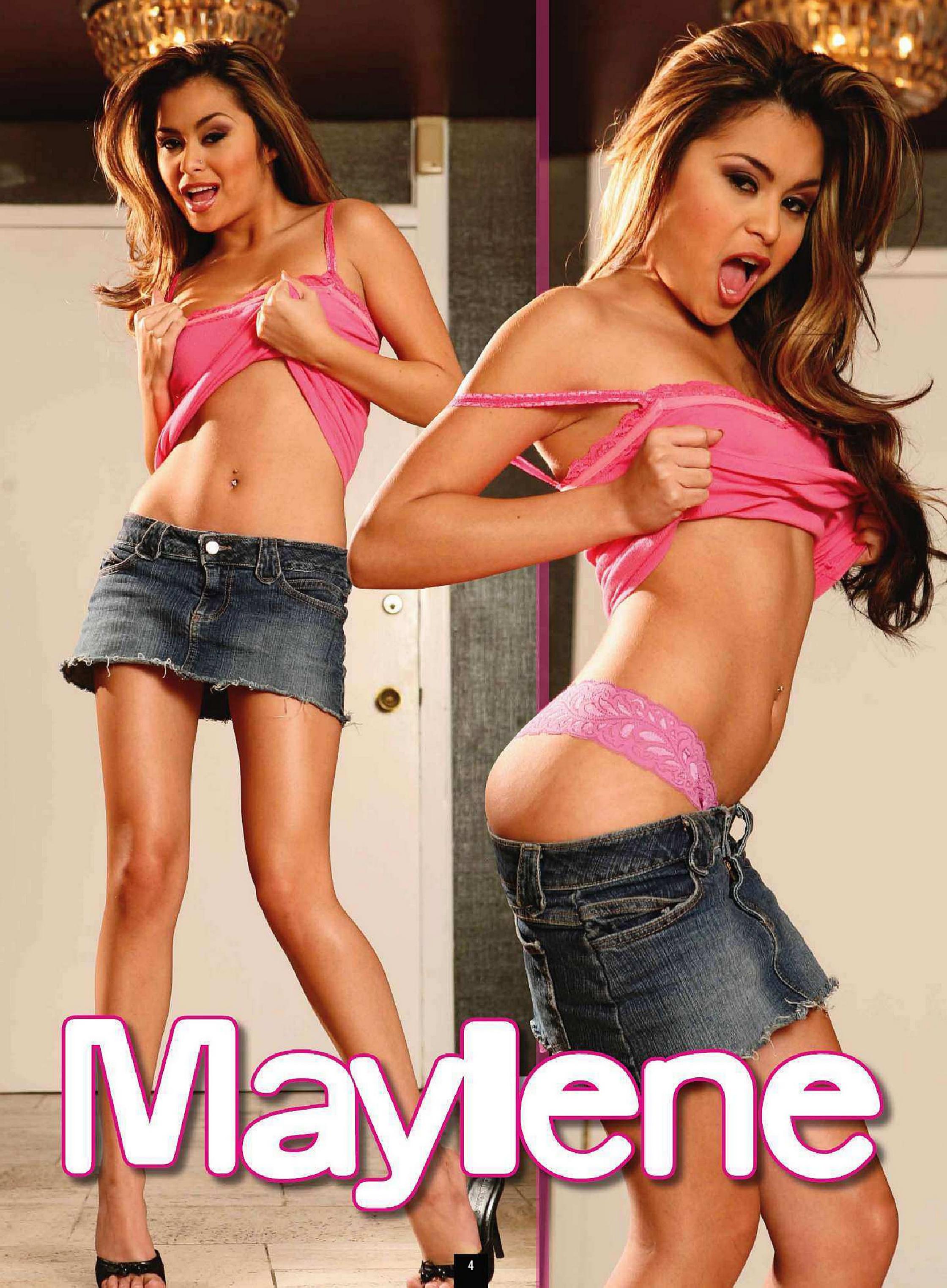














Maylene and I split up recently. At first, I was devastated because, well, just look at her. Now, I'm actually pretty relieved, because no piece of ass, not even one as fine as hers, is worth all the shit I went through. She was bossy, controlling and a world-class materialistic snob. After a couple of years with her, I found myself with no friends, a job I hated and a head that was plain messed up. I'm doing pretty well now, and in the end, I get the last laugh, as I've decided to share this whore with the world. If you do get to meet her in the flesh, heed my words, she ain't worth it, brother.



















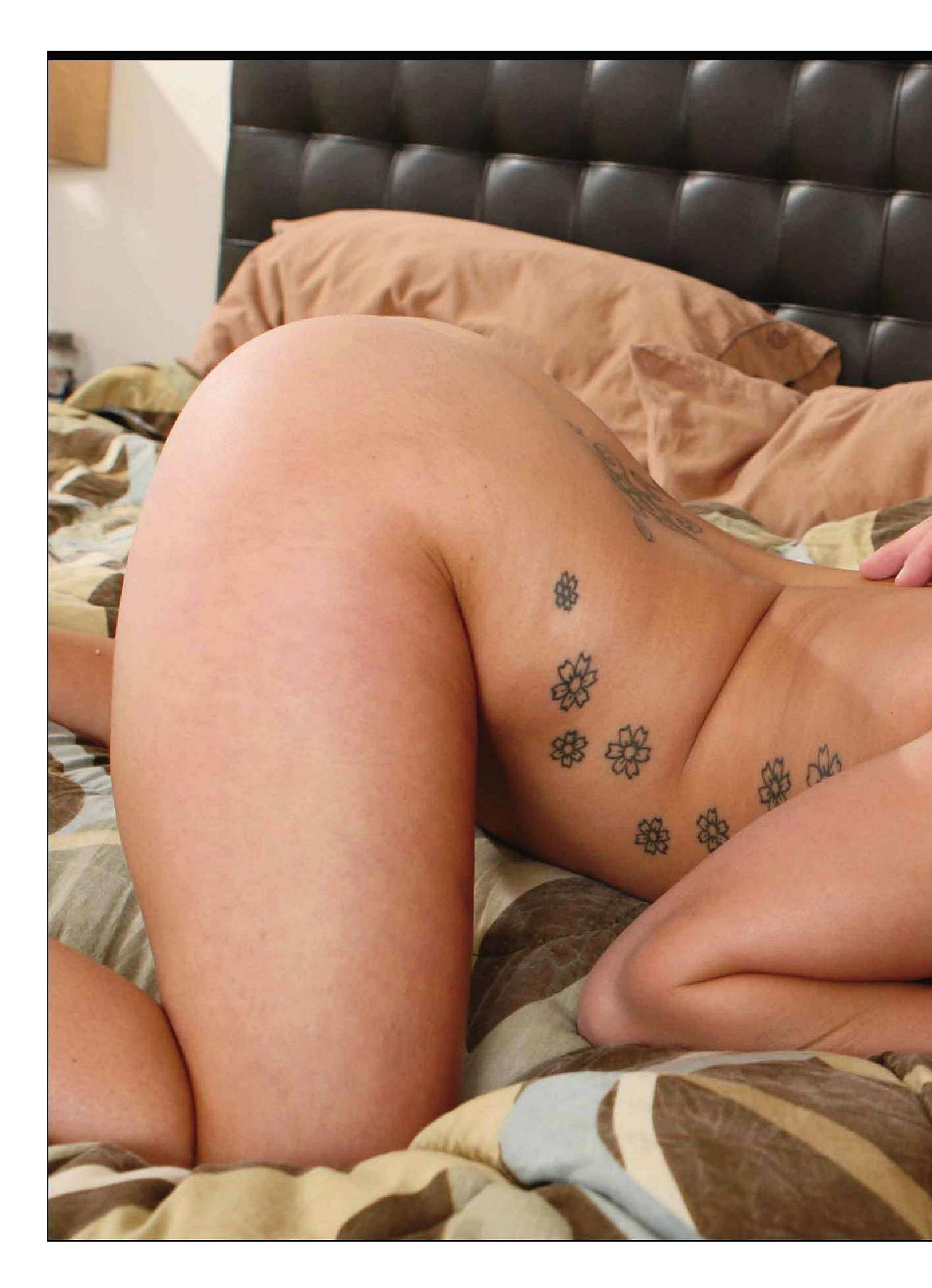
































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To the Editor:

"Thank you, Esther," I said, as the old lady with the endless adorable grandkids story finally sat down. I looked over the other ten students in my creative writing class. "Janice, I don't believe that you've read your story yet."

Janice stood up and I could plainly see the girl's pointed nips outlined against the thin material of her t-shirt. She was about nineteen, with long, blonde hair, green eyes, an all-summer tan covering a tight, curvy body, and a pair of double-D knockers topped by those sexily jutting protrusions.

"My story is titled The Summer of My Discontent," she said solemnly.

I stared at her chest, thinking, here comes another poignant memoir about a girl's first period. She proceeded to shatter my bored expectations, however, by regaling the stunned class with a searing tale about a forty-something woman who goes on a hot weather sexual rampage with everyone from her son's football team's starting D-line, to a daisy-chain of her daughter's lesbian cheerleader classmates. But when she got to the part of her story dealing with 'richly anticipated anal fireworks,' even I had to draw the line. The class was Adult Ed., but not that adult.

"Thank you, Janice," I interrupted hastily.
"I think we can all see where your story is, um, headed." I grinned nervously at the wide-eyed students in the suddenly-humid classroom, not daring to stand up. "Class dismissed," I said, my mind gone blank.
After all of the other students had stag-



SHOW AND TELL & SWELL

gered out of the room, I found myself alone with the hot-minded honey known as Janice.

"Aren't you going to criticize my story, Mr. Lanigan?" she asked.

"Criticize? Your story? Well, um..." I stared, transfixed, at her huge, heaving chest as she rapidly walked up to and around my desk. I rose in self-defense and she kissed me on the lips.

"I know it's just fiction," she said earnestly, "but it rings a lot truer when you get your facts right."

I nodded dumbfounded agreement. As a man dedicated to life-long learning, who was I to stand in the way of this girl's quest for the artistic truth? Plus, with forty-five years of living and loving under

my belt, perhaps I could even teach the teen a few things. So, I grabbed her in my arms and squeezed her hot body against mine, kissed her hard, and then jammed my tongue between her lips and into her mouth until it swirled up against her own tongue. We frenched each other passionately in the empty classroom, my hands drifting down to her cute, tight ass, grabbing and squeezing the round, firm cheeks that swelled her cut-off blue jeans.

She broke away from my hungry mouth and asked, "Could you show me how a man would tit-fuck a woman?"

"With pleasure," I replied, assured that we both had the appropriate learning tools for the task in question.

I helped her pull off her t-shirt. Her sunkissed tits were unbelievably huge and heavy-looking, her brown nipples thick and long. I felt up her jugs for a good long moment, marveling at their size and weight, before she suddenly dropped to her knees in front of me. She cupped her mammoth mams, holding them up and together and inviting me to slide my cock in between their awesome, fleshy goodness. It was going to be one helluva tight fit.

I kicked off my shoes and dropped my pants and shorts, and my six-inch teacher's aid sprang out and quivered in front of the knowledge-deprived girl. She spread her tits apart, and I slid my cock in between her humungous hooters, before she closed them over top of my dick. The heat and the tightness were incredible. I tentatively thrust my hips forward and began tit-fucking that gorgeous, top-heavy teen.

"How does that feel?" she asked, packing her mountains even more tightly together and glancing down at my peek-abooing cockhead.

"Goood," I groaned. I told her to spit into her tit-tunnel, as the going was pretty slow, and she quickly lubed my schlong and her tits with hot saliva. That allowed me to really pound my meat in between her tremendous ta-ta's. I fucked her chest like I was fucking her pussy, which I prayed was next.

But she surprised me yet again by looking up at me with her jade eyes and saying, "I'd like to experience anal sex, as well, Mr. Lanigan. If it's not asking too much?" I almost blew my load right then and there, in the incredibly deep, super-heated skin valley formed by her all-natural casabas. This girl truly had the unquenchable curiosity of the modern-day realist author. I pulled my throbbing cock out of her pillows and instructed her to drop her shorts and bend over the desk.

As she did what I asked, I noted with satisfaction that she eschewed underwear on the bottom half of her succulent body, as well as the top. Her pouty, pink slit was



shaved and glistening; it was obvious that I was getting through to her. I fingered her twat momentarily as she leaned over top of the desk, then was reminded of my scholarly duties when she said, "Fuck me up the ass, Mr. Lanigan," and reached back and spread her taut butt cheeks.

I slickened my rigid pole with more spit and steered it up against her tiny starfish. She groaned softly as I pressed forward, plowing my mushroomed hood into her pucker until I was penetrating her tight, tight ass. Then she unexpectedly pushed back into me, swallowing up my plump tube-steak with her luscious ass. I was quickly buried to the balls inside that sweet young thing's gripping bunghole. I started banging away at her butt, her golden ass cheeks bouncing along to my anal plunging, slowly at first, then faster

I started banging away at her butt, her golden ass cheeks bouncing along to my anal plunging, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until I was pounding her perfect petoot with an animal intensity, desperately trying to derive as much pleasure from her virgin ass as I could before the inevitable explosion. I plowed her trembling behind over and over, my balls smacking briskly against her bronze butt

flesh, the desk creaking and rocking.

"God, that feels good," she moaned, hanging on with whitened knuckles.

"Even better from this end," I grunted, brutally assaulting her bottom with my fleshpole. I held out for as long as I could and then I strangled her waist, tossed back my head and let out a primal roar and blasted her ass full of semen. "Christ almighty!" I shouted, rocketing white-hot cum into her craven crack, again and again and again, my body quivering uncontrollably, my brain spinning off into space.

Only when I'd emptied a good cubic liter of spunk into her heart-shaped trunk did I collapse on top of her, drained of all energy. I pawed weakly at her tits, and tongued her dewy ears and neck.

"That was very informative," she commented. "For a first lesson, at least."

Landon



I hate my job! Loud and obnoxious people are constantly invading my space, the pay sucks, and worst of all, my boss is a complete dick. He makes each and every day miserable, and I was just about to quit when my luck changed. He decided that his daughter was going to eventually take over the business and that I was the one who was expected to train her after hours—no extra pay of course. Like I said, I was just about to quit when she walked in. Suddenly, my job looked a lot better, when you take into account the fringe benefits.



















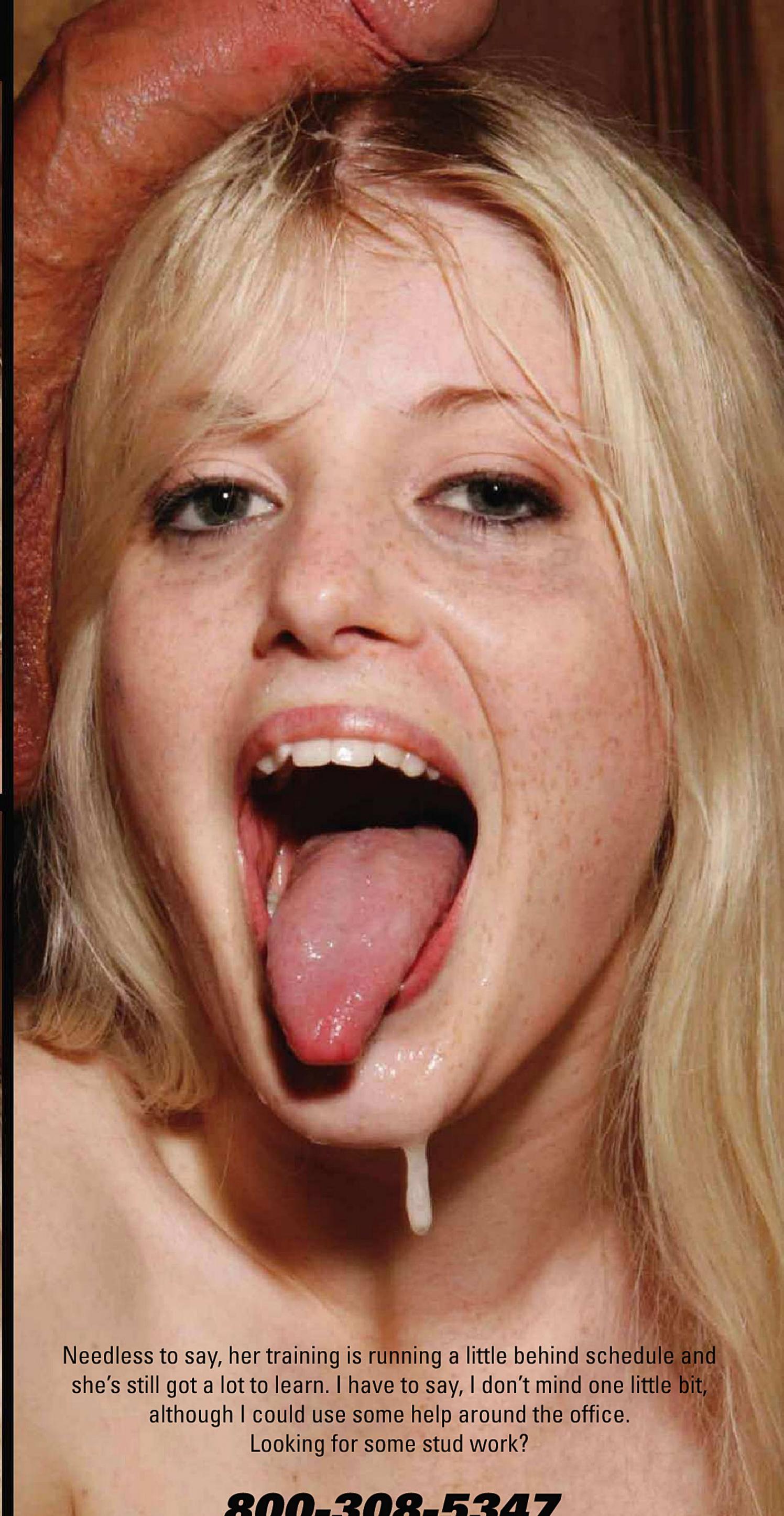












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I absolutely adore my girlfriend. She can't cook, she doesn't work and our house is usually a mess, but I don't care. You see, what she can do, any time and any place, is rock my sexual world. She lets me fuck her in any hole, never says no and even brings her girlfriends home for me and her to fuck. When I suggested we film ourselves fucking so that the world can see what a lucky guy I am, she simply answered, "anything you want honey." I'm not worthy.







































































































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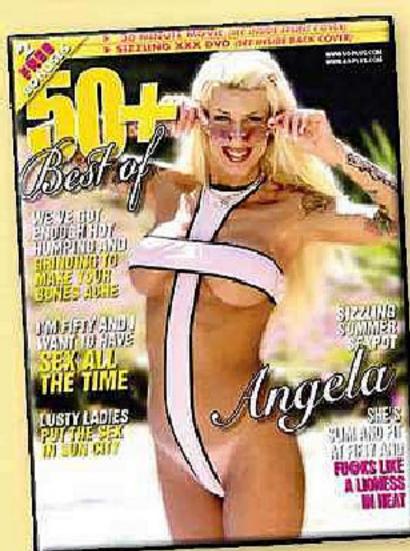


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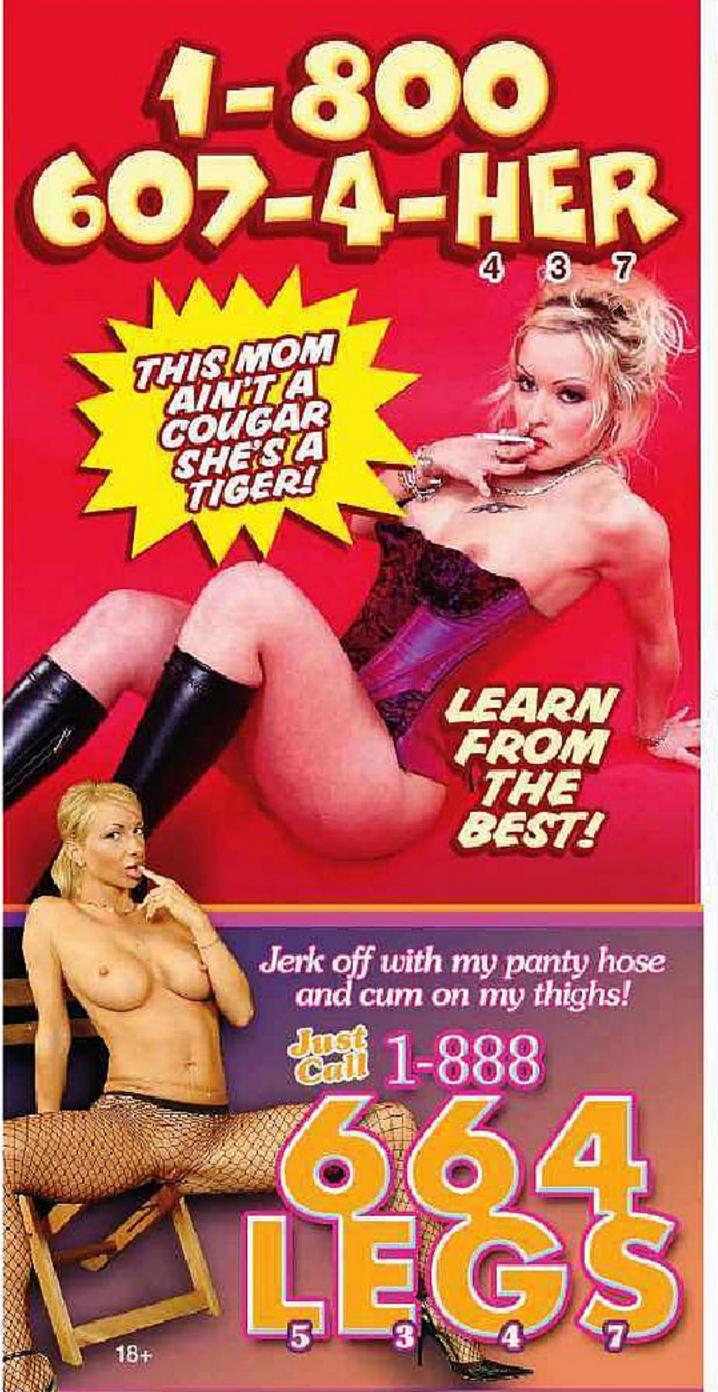
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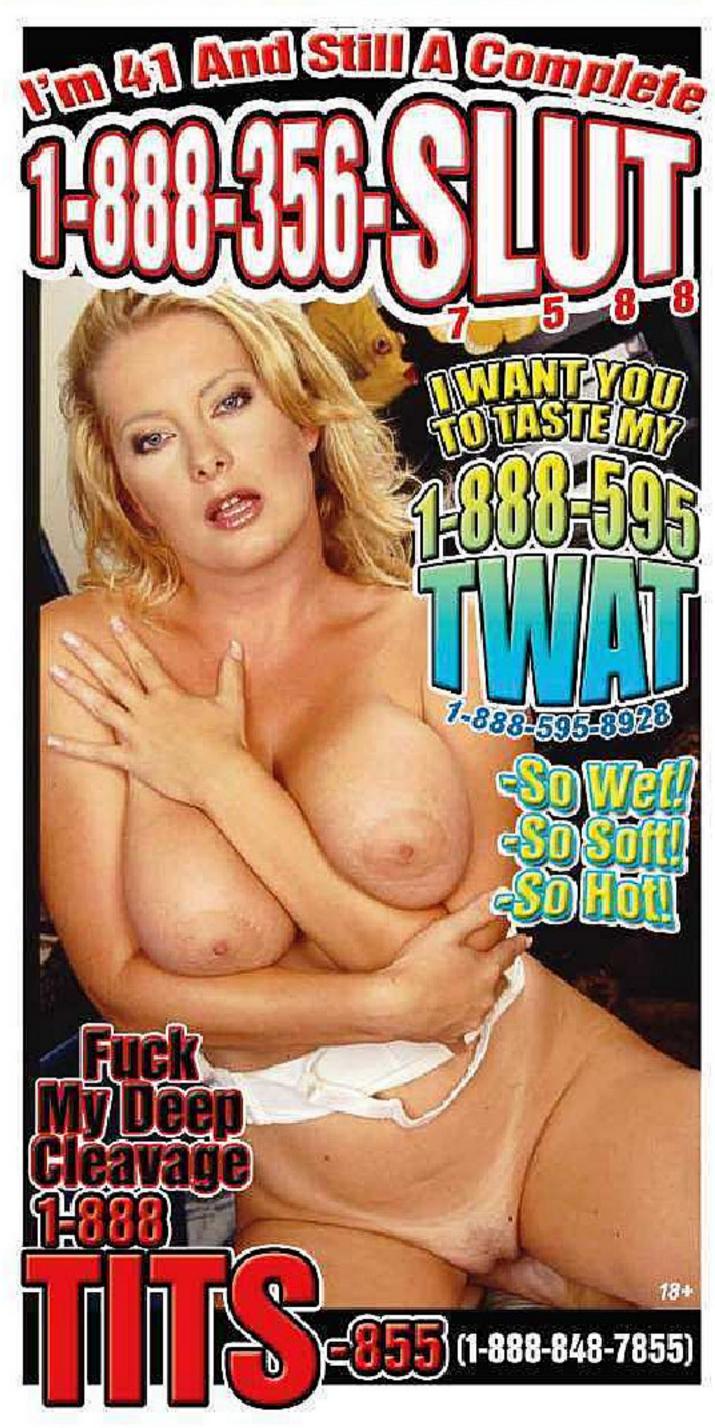












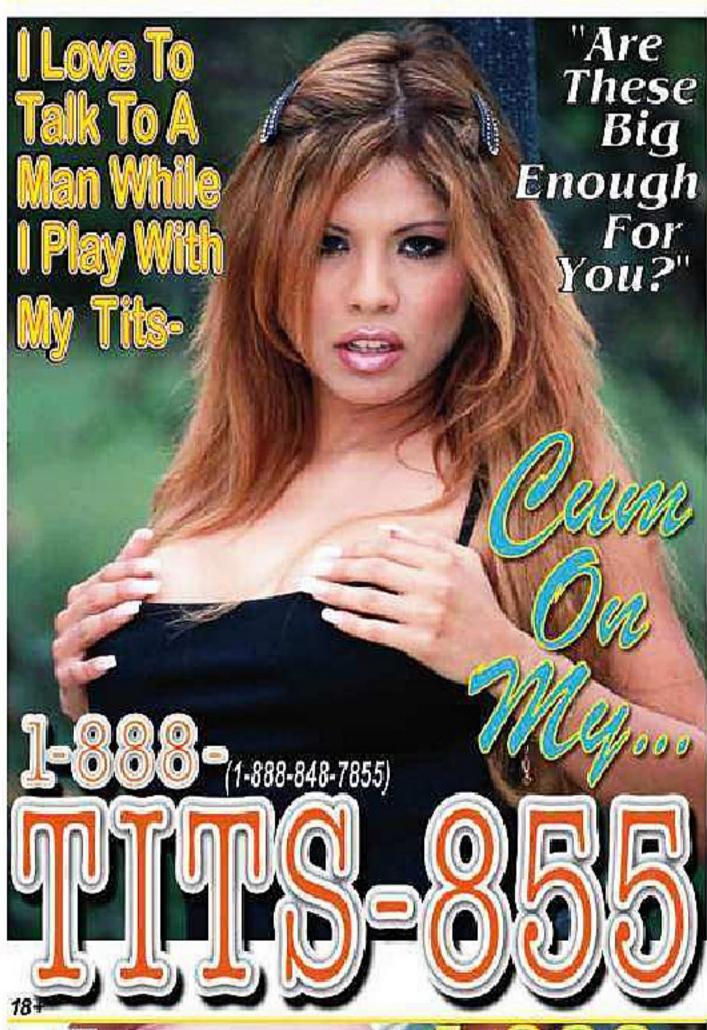








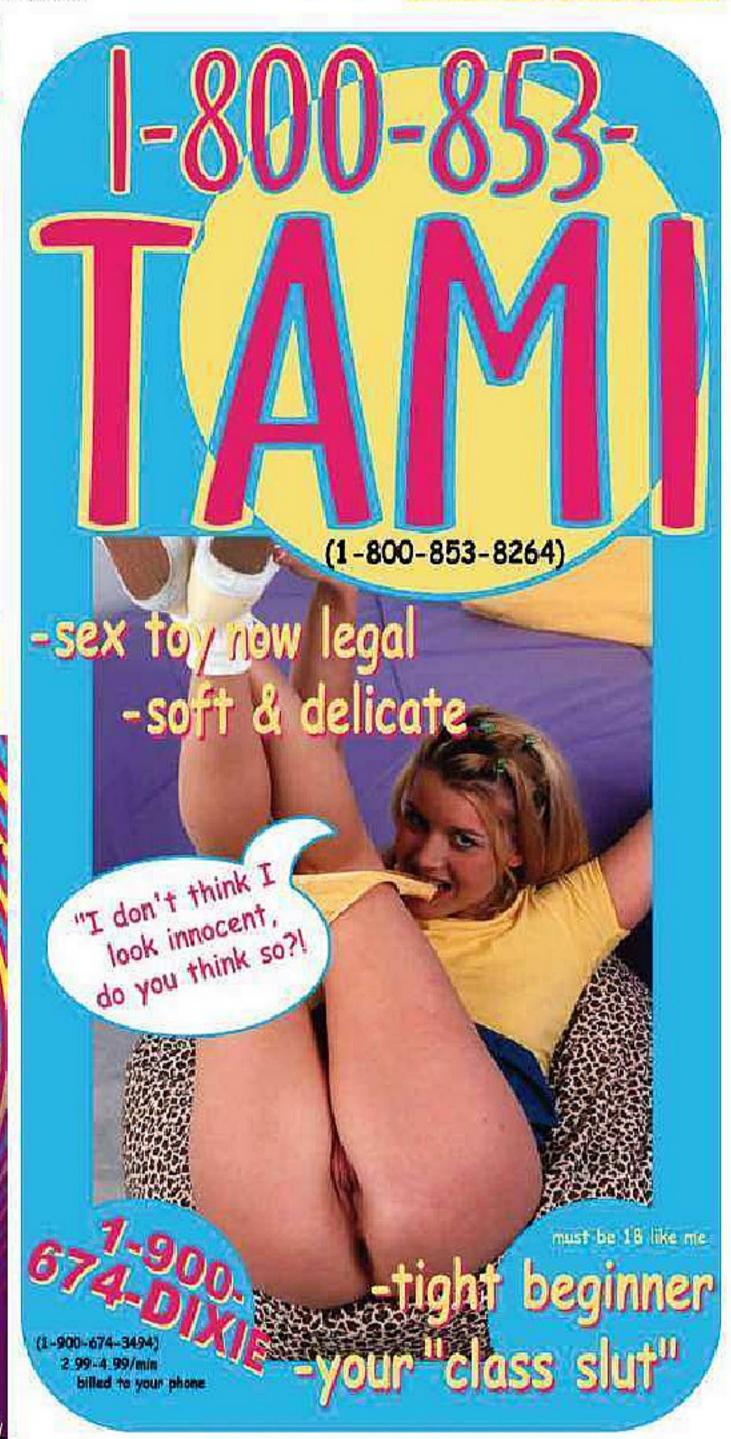
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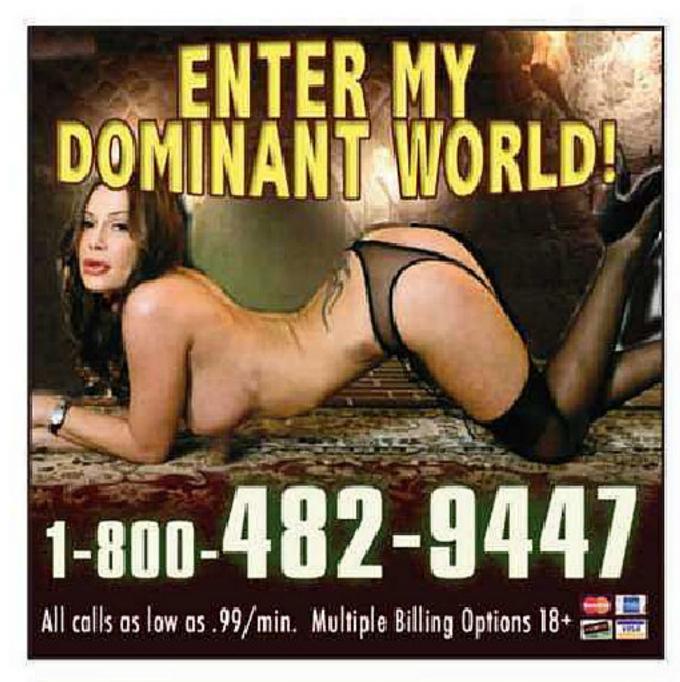


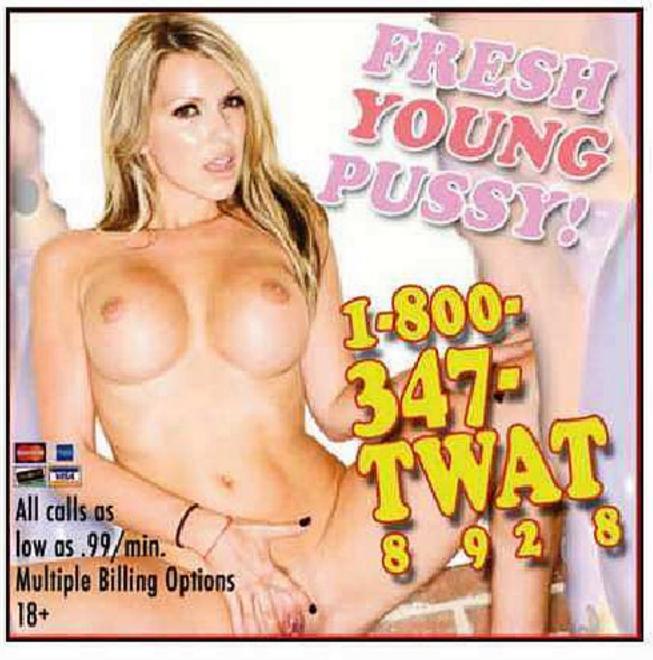






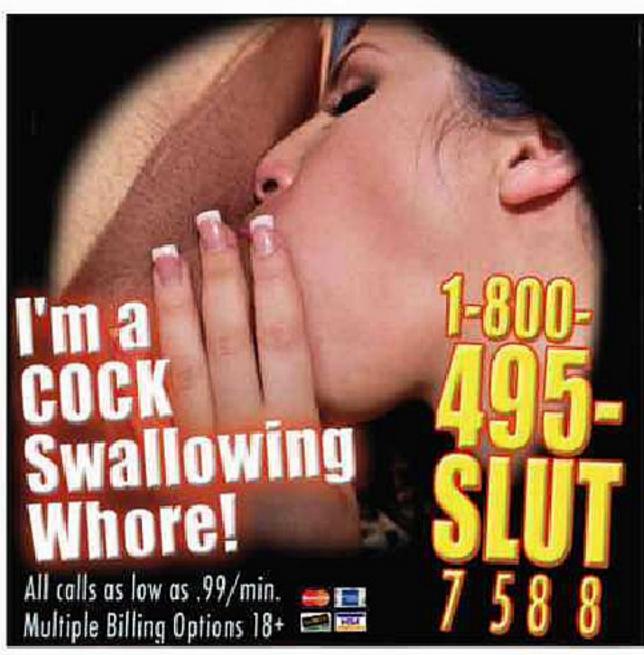
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Booty Callers and Letters The Good, the Bad and the Booty

NAUGHTY SECRETARY

It had been about a week and a half since I had finally fulfilled my fantasy of fucking our secretary at work, and she hadn't even as much as looked at me since that night. I was starting to get a bit nervous since she was in charge of the firings at work. I wasn't sure if I was ok at work or not since she wouldn't even look at me. I figured that I would just take it day by day and see what happens.

We had not been too busy at work and I had taken care of all my paperwork that I had to do and was just sitting around with nothing to do so I decided I would take a walk around and see what everyone was up to. I walked past her office and noticed that she wasn't in there. I looked over at her desk and remembered when just a week ago I was pounding her pussy on that desk. I decided to take a walk up to the second floor and see if anyone was up there.

There wasn't really too much up on the second floor except for a few rooms and empty offices. Mostly storage rooms that nobody ever really went to. I wandered around and heard a noise from the office over in the far corner of the building. I decided to go over and see what it was.

I was about twenty feet from the door when I saw her bending over some boxes. She was organizing the room since we didn't have much to do. I decided to just stand out there and admire her ass as she bent over some more. I admired the ass that I was fucking just a week ago. She then reached up to put a few things on the shelf and I just stared at her massive tits. I would do anything to suck on them again.

stood there for about fifteen

minutes or so just admiring her body and having flashbacks of fucking her. As my dick grew harder and harder, I was bought back to earth by her voice. I had been caught staring at her.

She told me to come in the room and help her. I figured that I better get in there and help since my job might be on the line.

She had me putting boxes up on the shelves that she could not reach. She didn't say too much and I wasn't about to start up any dumb conversations. couldn't help but get another hard-on when I stared at her silky shirt that was skin tight on her. I think that she caught drift of my hard-on when I saw her looking down at it.

She asked me to put a box up on the top shelf, which required me to climb up on a bench in the corner. I put the box on the shelf and when I turned around, I was greeted with a smile and her face was level with my crotch. She looked up at me as said that she wondered when I was gonna try to make a move on her. I didn't say anything as she slowly began to unzip my pants.

She pulled my pants down to my ankles and I stepped out of them. She then began to slowly rub my cock through my boxers. She quickly pulled my boxers off and started to lick the tip of my dick. Then she slowly started to lick my cock all the way down to my balls. She planted kisses all around the bottom of my balls and began to slowly suck on them. This was driving me nuts. After a few minutes of sucking on my balls, she began to slowly lick my dick back up to the tip. She licked the tip of my cock in circles slowly and then inserted it into her mouth. I thought I was gonna blow my load right there. This woman sure knew how to suck

a dick. She began to suck on my dick slowly picking up the pace and each time taking it deeper and deeper into her throat.

Within minutes I blew a huge load of cum right down her throat. She swallowed every drop of it. That drove me even more nuts since I love a woman who swallows.

She stood up and I grabbed her shirt and lifted it over her head. I began to play with her massive tits. I slowly licked the nipples and squeezed her tits around my face. She could sense that I loved her tits. She slowly rubbed my dick back to full hardness while I sucked on her nipples. She then

made me start to get hard again.

She took notice of this and began to slowly stroke my dick until it was at full hardness. She asked me if I planned to use it and with that I picked her up and laid her on the bench. I got in between her legs and she slowly guided my big cock into her wet pussy.

I began to fuck her slowly at first so that I could get a nice feel for that wet pussy. Little by little I began to pick up the pace and began to really fuck her hard. She shot into a huge orgasm and her pussy gripped my dick while she was coming. She began to tell me to fuck her good and fill her



pushed me against the bench in the corner and told me to sit down. She took her pants off and slid down her panties. I thought I was gonna pound her pussy again, but instead she got on her knees in front of me and wrapped her titties around my dick. She started to move up and down on my dick with her tits. It felt so great to be titty-fucking those big tits. Within a few minutes I shot my load once again, this time all over her chest.

She licked my dick clean of all the cum that was still on it and this

pussy. I kept fucking her harder and harder trying to get my whole dick into her pussy. My balls began to tighten and I exploded in her pussy. We just collapsed on the bench for a few minutes. She then stood up and began to get dressed. I figured that she was gonna go without talking to me again like she did last week, but this time she told me that whenever we were slow at work, she would keep me busy...

– Oppy, Alaska













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